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Drops of Myrrhe,  
OR,  
**MEDITATIONS**  
AND  
**PRAYERS,**  
Fitted to divers of the preceding Arguments.

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O Lord my strength, be not silent unto me, lest if thou make as though thou hearest me not, I become like them that go down into the pit, Psal. 28.1.

My Beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of Spices, to feed in the garden, and to gather the Lillies.

I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine; he feedeth among the Lillies, Cantic. 6.2,3.

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# The Arguments.

1. A Prayer for a distracted Church and State.
2. A Prayer for the Spirit of moderation and discerning.
3. A Meditation and Prayer concerning the perfection of Gods Word.
4. The hopeful Soul's conflict between extremities.
5. The humble Soul's Agony with natural pride.
6. The mortified Christian tolling his own knell.
7. The deliver'd Soul's Jubilee.
8. The Authors concluding vote for himself and the Reader.

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## An Advertisement to the READER.

Because there are abundance of excellent forms of Meditations and prayers for all occasions already in Print, and the generality of men now, with *Saul's Army*, choose rather to fast and faint, than save such honey from dropping on the ground (which probably, if tasted, might illuminate the eyes,) I shall not add much of this nature (as namely particular Forms of confession & humiliation, of supplications & intercession & thanksgivings;) but only some few Portions excerpt or enlarged from my own private Devotions, which I thought most pertinent to some of the matters foregoing. God sanctifie them to the humble Readers use.



# For a distracted CHURCH and STATE.

## Prayer I.

O H Lord God, the great and terrible, that rulest heaven and earth, that putteth down one, and settest up another, and none may say unto thee, what dost thou? Look down from the habitation of thy holiness, and thy glory, and behold with an eye of pity this wretched Nation. O Lord, things are now at that pass, that we know not which way to look; Our eyes are up unto thee, merciful God, save or we perish! Let not the oppressions and calamities that have already befaln us seem small in the eyes of thy compassion, though we confess thou

A 3 hast

hast punished us much less then our  
iniquities deserve : But for thy  
mercy sake, which is over all thy  
works, for thy sons sake, we  
taketh away the sins of world, let  
it be enough : Let there be no more  
such terrible shakings, and earth-  
quakes among us : Let the prayers  
of thy small remnant more prevail  
with thee for pardon and mercy,  
then the abominations of wicked  
men and hypocrites for judgement,  
and vengeance. Sanctifie thy bi-  
ter providences to such as it hath  
pleased thee to afflict and debase.  
Give them submiss patience under  
thy all-ruling-hand, and a joyful  
harvest from their sorrows, evn  
if it be thy will in this life, if other-  
wise, in the next : and however  
thou disposest (O thou most just  
and most Wise) of particular per-  
sons, and interests; yet let the  
interests of thy Gospel be advanced,

the

(3)

the hearts of thy people established  
and comforted, and the patient ex-  
pectation of the humbled and in-  
jured satisfied. Arise Oh Lord !  
Let not man prevail. Thou who  
sittest between the Cherubims shew  
thyself. Shew thy self a Defender  
of the innocent, One that humbleth  
those that exalt themselves, that  
maketh the crafty in his devices, and  
maketh the hypocrite a terror to  
himself. Lord God of Hosts ! Let  
in them have occasion to say with  
their mouth, or in their heart, that  
thou God hearest not, or seest not;  
or that thou God hast forsaken the  
Earth. Let a Book of Remembrance  
be written for those that fear thee,  
and yet speak often for thy truth;  
and put up into thy bottle every  
ear shed by those, whom it pitieth  
to see our Zion thus in the dust.  
Return Oh Lord ! how long stoppest  
thou thy ears and wilt not hear thy

A 4

people

(4.)

people pray? Be pleased for thy  
Sons sake, yet at length to make this  
Land a praise in the Earth, a  
holy Church, and a Religious  
prosperous State. Take away  
from amidst us the spirit of de-  
lusion and strife, and hatred, and  
hypocrisy; and pour out a Spirit  
of love, of equity, and of truth.  
Remove every stumbling-block and  
rock of offence, every galling thorn,  
and pricking briar to the spirits  
such as desire to fear thy name,  
and make the way of the Lord so  
plain in the Land, that the well-  
faring man, though a fool, may not  
err therein. And cause all of us,  
however at present unhappily di-  
vided, yet at length with unani-  
mous hearts to say; Not any of our  
wills, but the will of our Lord be  
done. Amen.

For

for the Spirit of moderation  
and discerning.

O Lord, the Father of Lights Pray. 2.

and fountain of Wisdom !  
How many parties and in-  
terests are those that profess thy  
name deviled ? How many lay  
claim to thy truth , that in the  
same particulars contradict each  
other ? And how many colours are  
found out to make each pretence  
seem probable ? How difficult is it  
to determine which is right ? how  
uncomfortable to hover between  
uncertainties ? how dangerous to  
resolve at a rash adventure ? Oh  
Lord, thy unworthy Servant hath  
a long time sadly considered these  
premises ; and amidst those floods  
of doubts and controversies which  
now cover the face of thy Church,  
can scarce (with Noah's Dove)  
finde

finde one dry place whereon to lay  
his foot : Oh my God, I betake me  
self to the Ark, my refuge : My  
eys are up unto thee , Thou ha  
bid those who want wisdom  
ask of thee, who givest liberally  
and upbraidest no man : Vouch  
safe me I beseech thee for thy  
Sons sake a share in that thy  
promise, That thy Spirit shall lead me  
into all truth. Give me a discern  
ing spirit, that I may discern be  
tween things that differ, and a pa  
ble minde, with a settled judgment,  
that I may not be toss'd about with  
every wind of doctrine, but let my  
senses be so exercis'd, that I may  
prove all things, and firmly hold  
whatsoever is good : And because  
knowledge puffeth up, but loue  
edifieth, joyn humility and charite  
with my knowledge, and effectu  
ly bow my heart to do thy will, and  
then thy promise is, That I shall  
know

know it. Furthermore, O Lord, because of all thy attributes, thou commandest none more to our imitation than those of love & mildness, grant O Lord, that I may not despise my self, and think it a piece of Religion to be bitter against my brethren ; but make me to study and practise that wisdom which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easie to be entreated , full of mercy, and good fruits , without partiality and hypocrisy. O Lord, grant me my request for thy Sons sake. Amen.

### Meditation and Prayer concerning the Word of God.

**H**ow perfect is thy Law, O Pray. 3.  
God, which converteth souls ;  
Thy Testimonies , O Lord, which  
make the wise simple, how sure are  
they ?      Thy

Thy Statutes are pure, and  
joyce the heart; Thy Comman-  
ment is pure, and enlightens  
eyes.

Thy Word is quick and pain-  
ful, sharper then any two-edged  
sword, piercing even to the divi-  
ding asunder of soul and spirit.

Let others seek for ground to  
believe the Scriptures, thy inspira-  
tion; This satisfieth me, that thou  
could so lay open the inmost parts  
of the heart, but thou alone can-  
only knowest it.

O Lord, I many times think in  
in reading other books, I have dis-  
covered mysteries, and yet upon  
on review of thine, I see the  
same things there; and abhor  
much clearer!

Oftentimes, O Lord, I muse  
with things both within me and  
without, which when I seek to  
know, they are too painful for me:

unt I flee unto this thy sanctua-  
ry, and then I understand them.

O Lord, I have seen an end  
of all perfection, but thy Com-  
mandments are exceeding broad.  
To thy Law, and to thy Testi-  
monies let all men have recourse;  
they that speak not according to  
thy word, have no light in  
them.

Behold all they that kindle  
fire, and compass themselves  
about with their own sparks;  
Though they walk never so pre-  
sumptuously and pleasantly in the  
fire, and the sparks they have  
kindled; yet this shall they have  
in thy hand, they shall lie down in  
sorrow.

As for me, O Lord, I am a  
stranger upon Earth, ob-hide not  
thy Commandment from me.

Suffer me not to choose unto  
my self any of those blind guides  
my

(10)

my vain minde or subtile adversary would accommodate me with  
Lord whither should I go from  
thee? Thou hast the words  
eternal life.

Let thy word be a Lamp to my  
feet, and a light unto my path.  
Let thy Statutes be my Song in the  
house of my Pilgrimage.

Grant that here beholding thy  
glory in this glass, when I am  
up, I may be satisfied with this  
Image.

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The hopeful Souls conflict be-  
tween extremities.

Pray. 4. Offer thy Servant, O Lord, who  
is but dust and ashes, thus I  
expostulate with thee in the bitterness  
of his Soul.

Lord, what a riddle, and I  
wonder am I to my self! How  
man

many characters read I in my  
heart, which I understand not;  
and how many see I there, which  
cannot read?

How oft am I in a great straight,  
my Soul being dejected, and my  
Spirit confounded within me?  
How oft am I at a loss, and know  
not what to think of my self?

One while I finde my Soul some-  
what confident in thee, and am  
ready to say, I shall never greatly  
be moved; Thou Lord, of thy  
goodness seemest to have made my  
will so strong.

Anon, thou but hidest thy  
face, and oh how am I troubled!

One while my fingers seem to  
drop Myrrhe in following after  
thee; and ere I am aware, my  
Soul carryeth me like the Chariots  
of Ammi-nadab.

Anon, all my Wheels are taken  
off, and I finde nor foot, or heart,

to draw or move toward thee.

One while I can with joy and  
cheerfulness look into the Holy  
Holies, through the vail of thy  
Sons flesh.

Anon, with the Publican, I dare  
not so much as lift up my eyes unto  
heaven, and say, I am deservedly  
cast out of thy sight.

One while I think the high  
holds of my heart levell'd to the  
foot of Christ, and the way of the  
Lord prepar'd in my soul.

A while after, I seem to descrie  
Mountains yet unremov'd.

Now I perswade my self thou  
hast in good measure cast my heart  
into the mold of Christianity;  
Anon, I cry out, oh in how little  
am I a Christian!

I one while laugh at my weak-  
nesses, follies and mistakes; to con-  
sider how oddly, and strangely I  
cheat and deceive my self; soon  
after

after I am astonish'd and confound-ed at fouler discoveries; and then again, in hopes of thy pardoning and subduing my corruptions, I say return unto thy rest ô my Soul; and yet I keep not long there.

Every day new wonders appear within me, and I know I am far still from seeing to the bottom of my heart.

Lord, all things are naked and bare before thee; thou understandest my thoughts afar off: thou knowest my foolishness, and none of my sins are hid from thee:

Lord, though I know not what I am, yet I know thou canst make me what thou wilt.

Search me, O God, try my heart and my reins, suffer not any way of wickedness to remain with me, but guide me in the way everlasting.

Work truth in my inward parts, and in my hidden part make

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me to understand Wisdom.

O let my heart be sound in  
thy Statutes, that I be not a-  
shamed.

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### The humble Soul's Agony with natural Pride.

Pray.5.

**O** Lord God of Hosts, the  
terrible, and Omnipotent; thou settest thy self in battel-array  
against the proud.

How shall I approach thy pre-  
sence with a proud heart, when  
the Mediator between thee and  
man admits none to him, but the  
humble and lowly ?

Yet, oh meek Jesus ! amongst  
them certainly thou invitest those  
that are sensible of, that are  
heavie laden with their pride,  
and desire to be humble.

Holy

Holy Father ! thy poor creature hath all the causes in the world to be humble ; whether I respect thee above, or hell beneath, or the weaknesses of body and mind in my self, or without me, the eminent gifts thou hast bestowed upon others, of the least of which I am not as uncapable as unworthy.

Yet O Lord, none of these considerations will prevail on my corrupt perverse treacherous heart, without thy blessing, without thou set them home upon me.

Thou canst level the Mountains, and bring down the high and lofty, and make the rough smooth, and the crooked straight ; Thy smallest breath can rend the Cedars.

My sad experience with my natural fears, make me almost despair of prevailing against this corruption ; of ever performing

the least part of my duty without  
this taint attending it.

My God, my whole trust is in  
thee; with thee I know all things  
are both possible and easie.

I cast my spirit into thy hands,  
undertake for me.

Be surely for thy servant in  
that which is good, that the proud  
do me no harm.

Suffer me not to think the pride  
of my heart then mortified, when  
charm'd onely by some passionate  
reflection, or warm application,

Suffer me not to think it ex-  
tinct, when with-drawn onely, or  
hid in some corner of my brest.

Suffer me not to make terms  
with this enemy, or conceit I am  
humbled, and be proud in that.

Rather, oh Lord! let the Mes-  
senger of Satan buffet me, so that  
thy grace be sufficient for me;  
Rather let him foyl me, so that I

rise

rise by my fails, and through thy grace prevail, by being overcome.

Yet, oh Lord ! how long shall I cry out by reason of the oppression of the enemy ?

I beseech thee for thy Anointed's sake (and thou wilt not turn away his face) let me not go all the day long this heavily ; whilst the enemy magnifies himself, and triumphs over me.

Arise, O Lord ! command deliverances for me : Attend unto my cry, for I am brought very low ; deliver me from my persecutor, for he is too strong for me.

Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name ; & compass me about with songs of deliverance.

Open my mouth wide with thanksgiving, and let my tongue sing aloud of thy righteousness.

The mortified Christian tolling  
his own knell.

Pray. 6. *L*ord ! since death is my passage  
into thy presence , why suf-  
ferest thou the thought thereof to  
be terrible unto me ? This con-  
sideration affrights me more then  
death it self.

*O Lord, I cannot without some  
reluctance think, that suddenly I  
shall see man no more upon the face  
of the earth.*

*Doubtless the light is pleasant  
to the eyes, and a joyful thing it is  
to behold the Sun.*

*The Grave cannot praise thee,  
Death cannot celebrate thee, they  
that go down into the pit cannot  
hope for thy truth.*

*The living, the living, he  
shall praise thee, as I desire to do  
this day.*

Consider ô Lord, I desire to walk  
before thee in truth, and with a  
perfect heart.

O my God, take me not away in  
the midst of my dayes ; Thy years  
are throughout all Generations.

Hast thou so little work for me  
to do, that thou alordest me so short  
a time, and bringest upon me sor-  
rows and weaknesses so fast ?

Lord, I came into the world on  
thy errand, and I live onely upon  
thy allowance, I am not to be my  
own carver.

My God, my goodness extend-  
eth not unto thee, thou needest  
neither my service, nor my being ;  
certainly 'tis but nature in me, that  
thus affects to serve thee in life,  
when thou callest on me to glorifie  
thee by death.

Let it abundantly content me,  
O Lord, that whether waking or  
sleeping, dead or alive, I shall be

always thine, and always live together with Christ.

Lord, help me to consider what a poor derivative thing I am, what a mere dependant upon thee: And let the consideration of thy Majesty and glory swallow up all those petty interests of my own, which I create in my self, to my self.

Help me in every passage and particular of my life and death, to say as is right meet, & my bounden duty; the will of my Lord be done.

O Lord, let me not dare to be displeased at any thing, whatsoever it be, that is thy pleasure.

Suffer me not, though with the softest voyce of my Soul, to interrogate upon thy proceedings, or to whisper to my self what's the reason the Lord will thus deal with me.

Though thou shouldest cut off like

like a Weaver my life, and derive me of the residue of my years; Though thou shouldest like Lyon, break all my bones, and from day even till night with pining sickness and faintness make an end of me; Yet let me be dumb and not open my mouth, because it is by doing.

Nay, O Lord, open my mouth wide, to say, Behold the unprofitable servant of the Lord, be it unname as thou pleasest: Into thy hand Lord, I resign my Body and Soul; Lord Jesus receive my spirit.

Come Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen.

## The Jubilee.

Pray, 7. **T**hy Vows are upon me, O God,  
I will sing and give thanks.

Open thou my lips, that my  
mouth may shew forth thy praise;  
That I may extoll thee with the  
best member I have, and that my  
tongue may sing aloud of thy  
righteousness, and of thy goodness.

Why is it Lord, that I am thus  
straightned towards thee, who art  
so enlarged unto me? Why is it  
that my thanksgivings are usually  
confin'd to the very enquiry only  
what I shall render unto thee for  
all thy benefits towards me?

But O Lord, what can I render  
unto thee, since all I have is thine!

First, O Lord, I prayse thee, that  
thou hast put it into the hearts of  
thy servant, thus to ascribe all I  
have unto thee, and thus to give  
unto thee of thine own.

From

From thy goodness, O Lord, I  
have received my being, and e-  
very thing, which maketh it not a  
burthen and a misery unto me.

Thou openest the hand of thy li-  
berality, and suppliest all my ne-  
cessities.

Lord, I praise thee for the ma-  
ny temporal blessings thou hast  
here afforded me; and yet that  
thou hast not given me my portion  
in this life, or my good things in it.

I praise thee for those unutter-  
able and endless joys which thou  
of thy grace hast prepared for me,  
and of which thou hast already  
wrought in me some participation  
by hope, through Christ, the foun-  
tain of all my good.

Prayse be thy name for that dis-  
cipline and method of grace  
which thou art pleased to take to  
fit me for that thy Kingdom.

I praise thee, O Lord, for bring-  
ing

ing me into the wilderness, to humble me, to prove me, to know what was in my heart, and then to speak comfortable words to me.

That thou art pleased, as a man chasteneth his son, so to chaste me, to cross my will, and frustrate my designs, and all to do me good in the latter end.

I prayse thee for correcting me in measure; for considering me frail a creature I am, and not suffering my spirit quite to fail under thy hand.

Oh, what great troubles and adversities hast thou shewed me! and yet didst thou turn and refresh me, and bringest me from the deep of Hell again.

O Lord, thou knewest my soul in all her adversities: When I said, I was cast out of thy presence, ye then were thou neer unto me, and receivedst my prayer.

In the multitude of terrible and  
distracting thoughts within me,  
in comfort, O Lord, through thy  
sons blood, refresh'd my Soul.

I prayse thee, O Lord, for the  
long striving of thy Spirit with  
me, whereas thou mightest without  
me offer of grace, have left me un-  
what Death, which I have more  
than once chosen.

Lord, thou continually bearest  
with my evil manners; Thou  
sparest when I deserve punishment,  
and according to thy unspeakable  
goodness, rewardest me good for  
evil.

O Lord, I daily undo my self,  
and loose the works thou hast  
wrought: I daily pierce my Soul  
through with poysoned darts, yet  
thou art my continual help, and my  
constant health.

How many times do both my  
flesh and my heart fail me? Yet  
Lord,

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Lord, thou art always the strength  
of my heart, and my portion for  
ever.

They that follow after lying  
vanities, forsake their own mer-  
ties.

But it is good for me to draw  
nigh unto my God ; I have put my  
trust in thy name, oh thou most  
High !

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The Authors concluding Vote  
for himself and the Reader.

Pray. 8. O Lord, let the dross, and the  
hay and the stubble in this  
book be burn't with fire ; but the  
Author sav'd at thy great day,  
through thy Sons blood.

Suffer no Reader to turn that to  
an occasion of uncharitableness  
toward me, which I design'd for  
his good.

Suffer

Suffer no Reader to think I  
sought my self, in that I have  
told him somewhat that thou hast  
done for my Soul.

Grant also, that none may think  
of me beyond what with judici-  
us and charitable eyes and ears  
he beareth of me, or seeth in  
me; And Lord, thou knowest I  
have not the least cause to be  
proud of that.

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FINIS.

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